

Moira's going to be a Nurse A.B. George Bird



IT looks very much as though Able Seaman George Bird is going to get his temperature taken when he gets leave to Eccleshill, near Bradford, Yorks, again.

For his girl friend, pretty 23-year-old Miss Moira Larkin, of 24 Charnwood Road, Eccleshill, has a gratitude and a new ambition.

A few days after she said good-bye to George at the end of his last leave, Moira caught scarlet fever and was rushed to hospital.

But during the six weeks she spent there she was not always the patient.

After the true kindness of the hospital staff and good mail from George had taken her happily through the earlier and more dangerous stages of the illness, Moira began to realise that she had something in common with the nurses who were looking after her. When the fourth week came along, and the doctors allowed her to knock about the wards, she got her chance.

With enthusiasm she tackled the first job of the day—

washing child patients. Temperatures she took with exactitude, and meals she helped serve with pride.

Moira was seriously in love with this life. She talked to the nurses about it, and generally pried into the secrets of the profession.

So Moira came out of hospital with a new ambition.

She should go back to her job at a munition factory soon, but instead she is going to ask the Ministry of Labour if they will release her so that she can train as a nurse.

Four-year-old Barry, Moira's nephew, seems to have been the first to benefit from the delight she has found in tending the sick. When he hurt his leg she bandaged it for him.

Moira stayed with George's parents for a fortnight after leaving hospital. She claims that she put on a stone in weight while she was there, and she wishes George to know that mother, father, and his two sisters are all in good health.

Was World's queerest character

HIS name was the Count St. Germain. He lived in the reign of Louis XV—and one of those rumours you needn't believe says he lived for centuries!

In 1760 a lady of the Court declared she had met the Count in 1710. And in 1710, as in 1760, he had looked the same age.

King Louis took from his pocket a diamond, a beautifully cut stone, scintillating with all the colours of the rainbow.

"Magnificent!" cried the count.

"Yes," said the King, "but it could be better. I have just had the stone valued at 6,000 francs; but for a slight flaw, I am told, it would be worth 10,000 francs!"

"Your Majesty," the Count returned, "if you will but lend me the stone for a month I will guarantee to return it in flawless condition."

"But no man can remove the flaws from diamonds!" said the Count.

"Lend me the jewel!" said the Count.

The King did so, and, true

to his word, the Count returned in a month, carrying the jewel upon a velvet tray.

He presented the diamond to the King, who called his jewellers for the stone to be valued. "Ten thousand francs," they said.

Pleased and astonished, the King invited the mysterious Count to dine with him. The reply gave him yet another shock.

"Sire, I shall be honoured if I may sit beside you at table, but I never eat!"

"Never? Or drink?"

"I drink senna water three times a day, sire."

The King had heard that his visitor neither ate nor slept.

When the Count departed, the King sent spies to watch him, hour by hour, day by day.

After a week the secret agents returned with still more inexplicable evidence. The Count had been followed wherever he went, into the shops, along the boulevards,

IN THIS WEEK'S "UNSOLVED CRIME"

STUART MARTIN reports on

THE MYSTERY OF THE DARK CELLAR MURDER

THEY said that the man who strangled little Vera Page was a maniac.

They said he was a tramp.

They said he was a drunken loafer.

They said all sorts of things. But they never found the beast.

Picture the day in 1931 for yourself. It was a Monday afternoon in Notting Hill Gate. Children had trooped out of a school and were on their way home. Among them was Vera Page, ten years old, gay, happy, dancing along, carrying a swimming certificate in her hand.

Of all the children who made their exit from that school, every one reached his or her home—all except Vera Page. Death was waiting for her, and it was a death that was the most horrible that can overtake a child.

All Monday night her parents searched for her. The police were notified. They, too, searched. Hospitals were asked if they had little Vera in their wards. They all answered "No."

Tuesday came and the search was continued. Tuesday night. You can imagine the mental anxiety of the parents by this time.

Wednesday dawned. Vera Page was found.

In the front garden of a house not far from her home they found her, still and limp. Dead. Outraged. And strangled.

Superintendent Cornish, than whom there was no more capable officer in Scotland Yard, took up the mystery.

An examination of the child's dress and shoes revealed that on her feet were spots of coal dust. On the right shoulder of her overcoat were drops of candle grease.

That meant a cellar somewhere—a cellar to which this monstrous murderer had taken the child, and there, probably after the crime, had lit a candle to see his way about. So the police began a search for such a cellar.

Under the guidance of Cornish they found one which was empty and accessible to any passer-by in the street. Cornish went over that cellar with a small-tooth comb.

The woman who lived next door to the cellar had picked up in her area a red beret, some scraps of paper, and a few pieces of candle. So far, therefore, the police had pursued the crime logically, with correct deductions. For Vera Page had worn a red beret to the school. The scraps of paper were fragments of her swimming certificate, it was presumed; but they and the bits of candle had been destroyed before the police could examine them.

Another clue was found on the body of the child. In the crook of her right elbow lay a finger-stall, composed of a bandage and a piece of lint. The deduction was that this had slipped off the finger of the man who had laid the body in the garden.

It is a remarkable fact that a modern invention helped to



hide this murderer. I mean the radio.

The occupants of the house next to the cellar to which the murderer had brought the child had, on that Monday night, had their radio on full pelt. They had not heard any noise, any scream, any struggle, or foot-steps in the direction of the cellar. The blaring of the radio had drowned any unusual noise.

It is not the first occasion on which radio has blurred disturbances that might otherwise have been investigated.

Medical men were called in by the police to examine the child's body. Science was called in to examine the clues. Radio was used to call for any information.

The only result was that an informant came forward to tell how a man wheeling a barrow, on which was a bundle, was seen early on that Wednesday morning not far from the garden where the body was found.

But the informer could not give more than a meagre description of this barrow-wheeler, and although the police scoured the district, they scoured in vain.

I do not blame the police for failure to find the killer. Superintendent Cornish was an able officer who had investigated many crimes. The squad of men working with him were capable officers in the usual run of things.

They collected over a thousand statements from people whom they interviewed and from people who volunteered statements. Many of these "I remember" statements were useless—in the final

test all of them were useless for the triumph of detection.

The best that could be had from them was a vague indication, a trembling suspicion, that led to an impenetrable mist, or a cul-de-sac. It is my own belief that the issue was clouded by too many theories, too much speculation.

For SOMEWHERE within a radius of that cellar lay the clue that would have led to the foul sub-human who slew and tortured little Vera Page.

But so-called psychologists ventilated their suggestions. Amateurs gave their views. The newspapers were filled with suggestions and theories. And the police plodded on in the paths of police investigation.

One theory, for instance, that gained much support, was that the murderer was one of those strange beings who are unaccountably attacked by a mania, and that during the raging fury of this mania the crime was committed and the criminal returned to normal soon afterwards without recollection of his deed.

According to this theory, even the close friends of this creature would not suspect him of having more than queer patches.

I remember the same theory being put forward in the case of the murder of Oliver, the Reading tobacconist, which I have already chronicled.

I do not doubt that there may be such brain-storms. But the Reading murder was quite different from the murder of Vera Page. The former was a swift, brutal attack that left a man dying behind his shop

counter without a motive for the deed. The latter had a motive, bestial and disgusting though it was.

It is, to my mind, impossible to accept the suggestion that the man who slew this child was a maniac of the description alleged. The theory cannot stand examination. The circumstances of the crime, the execution of it, and the carrying of the dead child to the front garden do not tally up with any "brain-storm."

For Vera Page was killed on the Monday evening and the finding of the body took place on the Wednesday morning. Periodic madness, indeed! Spasmodic, uncontrollable mania!

Every reconstruction of the crime points in the opposite direction. Do people afflicted with sudden, passing mania take elaborate care to hide their crime and observe an opportunity to dispose of the victim?

The placing of the body of Vera Page in that front garden puts the crime in a category by itself. Why did the murderer take the trouble to bring his victim from that dark cellar and lay her, casually, openly, in a front garden? Why not leave the body in the cellar?

First decide the type of criminal you are hunting, and then pursue him. If you are looking for a maniac, why look for a man with a wheelbarrow seen two days later? Not much sudden brain-storm in that!

I went over the ground of that hideous crime. I do not believe the man who killed the child stayed in the cellar long after the deed was committed. He went home. He had planned the deed. He knew the cellar was a fit place for his outrage. It follows that if he knew the cellar he knew the district. He probably knew Vera Page.

So there we have the crime committed on that Monday evening. What next? Out of the cellar he crept that Monday evening and went home to wash himself. If there were marks of coal-dust on the child's clothing, there would be marks of coal-dust on his clothing and hands. But why remove the body at all?

Because, as I see it, the cellar was too near his own abode.

On Tuesday he went to work. But he must get that body away from the cellar, since it was too near for his liking.

He laid his plans and put them into execution on the Tuesday night. There you have the reason for the pieces of candle found in the next-door area. Some time during that night he went to the cellar, lit the candle to give a hasty look-around, making sure that everything was as he had left the previous night.

And as he bent over the child a drop of grease fell on her dress.

He blew out the candle, picked up the body and carried her out. He threw the beret and the candle into the next-door area. The candle broke in the fall. Then off up the street in the darkness and into the front garden, where he laid the body beside the privet hedge. And so home again.

The front garden was not far from where Vera Page lived. There was no particular reason for laying the body in that particular front garden. Any similar front garden would have done.

Nothing much of the "maniac" about this brute. It was a young man's crime. I daresay he is living to-day.

SHIP'S CAT'S KITTY



KIND people give us money to buy games, and we get together a store so that from time to time we can divvy-up on the kitty. But requests from individual submarines are always in perfect order—we'd much sooner people got what they wanted (as near as we can make it) than just get given dollops of what's going.

However, at the moment there seem to be a lot of Ludo, Tiddley-Winks, Snakes and Ladders, Draughts and Cribbage Boards about. If you want any of these you're a lot more likely to get them by asking us, or wherever your next base is, than by doing nothing. A Verb to Saps, that's called.

HOW THE BRIGADIER TRIUMPHED IN ENGLAND—PART IV

"YOU OR I GO OUT FEET FOREMOST"

By
CONAN DOYLE

LADY JANE gazed after him until he was out of sight, and I was surprised to see that her face wore a smile and not a frown. Then she turned to me and held out her hand.

"You are very kind, Colonel Gerard. You meant well, I am sure."

"Madame," said I, "if you can oblige me with the gentleman's name and address I will arrange that he shall never trouble you again."

"No scandal, I beg of you," she cried.

"Madame, I could not so far

forget myself. Rest assured that no lady's name would ever be mentioned by me in the course of such an incident. In bidding me to go to blazes this gentleman has relieved me from the embarrassment of having to invent a cause of quarrel."

"Colonel Gerard," said the lady earnestly, "you must give me your word as a soldier and a gentleman that this matter goes no farther, and also that you will say nothing to my brother about what you have seen. Promise me!"

"If I must," "I hold you to your word. Now drive with me to High Combe, and I will explain as we go."

The first words of her explanation went into me like a sabre-point.

"That gentleman," said she, "is my husband."

"Your husband!" "You must have known that I was married." She seemed surprised at my agitation.

"I did not know."

"He is Lord George Dacre. We have been married two years. There is no need to tell you how he wronged me. I left him and sought a refuge under my brother's roof. Up till today he has left me there unmolested."

"What I must above all things avoid is the chance of a duel betwixt my husband and my brother. It is horrible to think of. For this reason Lord Rufton must know nothing of this chance meeting of to-day."

"If my pistol could free you from this annoyance—"

"No, no, it is not to be thought of. Remember your promise, Colonel Gerard. And not a word at High Combe of what you have seen!"

Her husband! I had pictured in my mind that she was a young widow. This brown-faced brute with his "go to blazes" was the husband of this tender dove of a woman.

Oh, if she would but allow me to free her from so odious an encumbrance! There is no divorce so quick and certain as that which I could give her!

It was only three days after the event which I have described when Lord Rufton burst hurriedly into my room. His face was pale, and his manner that of a man in extreme agitation.

"Gerard," he cried, "have you seen Lady Jane Dacre?"

I had seen her after breakfast, and it was now midday.

"By Heaven, there's villainy here!" cried my poor friend, rushing about like a madman. "The balliff has been up to say that a chaise and pair were seen driving full split down the Tavistock Road. The blacksmith heard

a woman scream as it passed his forge. Jane has disappeared. By the Lord, I believe that she has been kidnapped by this villain Dacre."

He rang the bell furiously. "Two horses this instant!" he cried. "Colonel Gerard, your pistols! Jane comes back with me this night from Gravel Hanger, or there will be a new master in High Combe Hall."

As we rode, Lord Rufton told me of the man whom we were pursuing. His name, it seems, was a household word throughout all England for every sort of mischief.

He was of an old and noble family, and it had been hoped that he had sown his wild oats when he married the beautiful Lady Jane Rufton. For some months he had indeed behaved well, and then he had wounded her feelings in their most tender part by some unworthy liaison.

WANGLING WORDS—163

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ILIAR, to make a commander of 1,000 men.

2. Rearrange the letters of BET SOAKS GIN, to make a Hampshire town.

3. Complete the following doublet, altering one letter at a time, and making an animal with each alteration: ZOO, TOO, TOG, ROT, COT, RAW, SAW, BOB, BOO, ZOO.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from NOTWITHSTANDING?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 162

1. HEARTACHE.
2. READING.
3. SWING, STING, STINT, SAINT, PAINT, PAINS, PAIRS, PALLS, PALES, DALES, DANES, DUNES, TUNES, NEAP, NEAR, TEAR, TEAS, TEDS, BEDS, BIDS, BIDE, TIDE.

BOOK, BOOT, COOT, COST, CAST, CASE, PALM, PALL, FALL, FELL, FELT, FEAT, FEET, FRET, FREE, TREE.

4. Boer, Bore, Robe, Ride, Dire, Sord, Sour, Riot, Tier, Rite, Rote, Tore, Tare, Tear, Rate, Dine, Bide, Rind, Rend, Dint, Tine, Sand, Sate, Teas, Tide, Diet, Seat, etc. Rouse, Store, Stone, Bored, Robin, Diner, Trine, Nitre, Beast, Rants, Rents, Stern, Trade, Broad, Braid, Brain, Under, Bound, etc.

She had fled from his house and taken refuge with her brother, from whose care she had now been dragged once more, against her will.

"That's Gravel Hanger," cried Lord Rufton at last, pointing with his crop; and there on the green side of a hill was an old brick and timber building.

For my own part, it seemed to me that with so just a cause we should have done best to ride boldly up to his door and summon him to surrender the lady. But there I was wrong.

For the one thing which every Englishman fears is the law. He makes it himself, and when he has once made it, it becomes a terrible tyrant before whom the bravest quails.

He will smile at breaking his neck, but he will turn pale at breaking the law. It seems, then, from what Lord Rufton told me as we walked through the park, that we were on the wrong side of the law in this matter. Lord Dacre was in the right in carrying off his wife.

We could take the lady by force or by craft, but we could not take her by right, because the law was against us.

This was what my friend explained to me as we crept up towards the shelter of a shrubbery which was close to the windows of the house.

Crouching among the laurel bushes, we held a whispered council of war, but a singular interruption brought it to an end.

Out of the door of the house there stepped a tall, flaxen-haired man. As he turned his brown face and his blue eyes towards us I recognised Lord Dacre. With long strides he came down the gravel path straight for the spot where we lay.

"Come out, Ned!" he shouted; "you'll have the gamekeeper putting a charge of shot into you. Come out, man, and

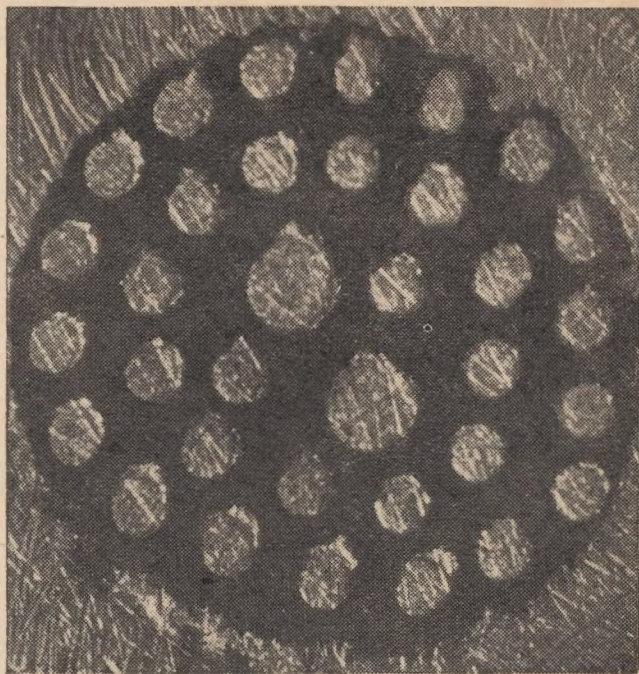
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

My first is in STARBOARD, not in PORT.
My second's in CHASER, not in CAUGHT.
My third is in CARGO, not in FREIGHTS.
My fourth is in HARBOUR, not in STRAITS.
My fifth is in COMPASS, not in DIRECTION.
My sixth's in MERCATOR'S, not in PROJECTION.
My seventh's in TOW-ROPE, not in CONNECTION.
My eighth is in OFFICER, not in PETTY.
My ninth's in ALONGSIDE, not in JETTY.

(Answer on Page 3).

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 207: Spool of mercerised cotton.

don't skulk behind the bushes."

It was not a very heroic situation for us. My poor friend rose with a crimson face. I sprang to my feet also and bowed with such dignity as I could muster.

"Halloa! It's the Frenchman, is it?" said he, without returning my bow. "I've got a crow to pluck with him already."

He seemed master of the situation, this handsome giant of a man, standing at his ease on his own ground while we slunk out of our hiding-place.

He led us in, and then looked me up and down with insolent eyes.

"Look here, Ned," said he, "time was when an English family could settle their own affairs in their own way. What has this foreign fellow got to do with your sister and my wife?"

"Sir," said I, "permit me to point out to you that this is not a case merely of a sister or a wife, but that I am the friend of the lady in question, and that I have the privilege which every gentleman possesses of protecting a woman against brutality. It is only by a gesture that I can show you what I think of you."

I had my riding glove in my hand, and I flicked him across the face with it. He drew back with a bitter smile and his eyes were as hard as flint.

"So you've brought your

bully with you, Ned?" said he. "You might at least have done your fighting yourself, if it must come to a fight."

"So I will," cried Lord Rufton, "Here and now."

"When I've killed this swaggering Frenchman," said Lord Dacre. He stepped to a side table and opened a brass-bound case.

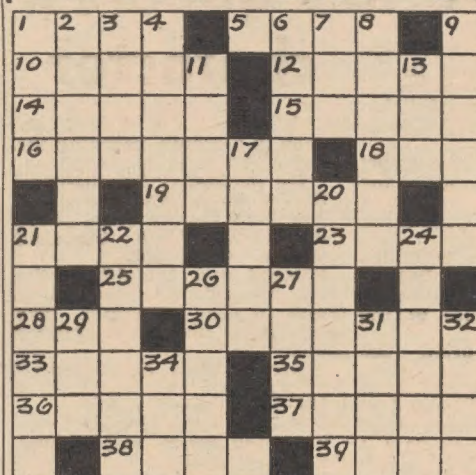
"By Gad," said he, "either that man or I go out of this room feet foremost. I meant well by you, Ned; I did, by George, but I'll shoot this led-captain of yours as sure as my name's George Dacre. Take your choice of pistols, sir, and shoot across this table. The barkers are loaded. Aim straight and kill me, if you can, for, by the Lord, if you don't you're done."

(To be continued)

ODD CORNER

ALL Government property is marked with a little picture of the rising sun, upside-down. This is the Broad Arrow, and it dates from the time of the Druids. It came to us from the Bards of Wales, and replaced the Government's old Rose and Crown mark in the Middle Ages.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Upward throw.
- 5 Removable tops.
- 10 Concerning.
- 12 Slogan.
- 14 Shut.
- 15 Outer garment.
- 16 Giggles.
- 18 Possess.
- 19 Diverted.
- 21 Half.
- 23 Deft.
- 25 Umbue.
- 28 Hostel.
- 30 Bedecked.
- 33 Harmonised.
- 35 Jaded.
- 36 Hag.
- 37 Fall back.
- 38 Insect.
- 39 Stockton's river.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Diplomacy.
- 2 Gratify.
- 3 Fertilize.
- 4 Undergo.
- 6 Accumulate.
- 7 Put quickly.
- 8 Took long steps.
- 9 Head-dress.
- 11 Swarm.
- 13 Draw along.
- 17 Governed.
- 20 Beg.
- 21 Flexible shoot.
- 22 Little fish.
- 24 Disincline.
- 26 Withers.
- 27 Chimney-top.
- 29 And not.
- 31 Scruff.
- 32 Colours.
- 34 Girl's name.

PAVES HEM C
ERA TRIVIAL
ABUSE TANGO
COLONY DUET
HUT CORES H
R PIKES S
T VALET SOB
ITEM LUSTRE
BONES RIOTS
ITALIAN VIE
A LAX SWEET

QUIZ for today

1. A ha-ha is an Indian hat, Japanese juggler, fence, snake, insect.
2. Who wrote (a) Shadow of a Crime, (b) Nature of a Crime?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Widgeon, Teal, Sheldrake, Ladybird, Heron, Grebe?
4. What do the letters F.G.S. after a man's name mean?
5. Who said, "All hell broke loose"?
6. What is the present name of the film star who was born Fred Austerlitz?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Carbuncle, Carminative, Entracte, Improbable, Mollusc, Presumptuous?
8. What rank in the W.A.A.F. is equivalent to a Commander in the Navy?
9. Mussolini was born in 1870, 1873, 1880, 1883, 1893?
10. What is the date of St. Andrew's Day?
11. What is the county town of Cornwall?
12. Complete the phrases, (a) Like a cat —, (b) Like a bull —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 207

1. Summer-house.
2. (a) C. Kingsley, (b) R. L. Stevenson.
3. Carlisle is in England; the others in Scotland.
4. The Nene.
5. Acts of the Apostles.
6. 16th century.
7. Strenuous, Ruminant.
8. First Officer.
9. E. V. Knox.
10. Doctor of Laws.
11. Reading.
12. (a) Badger, (b) Horse.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



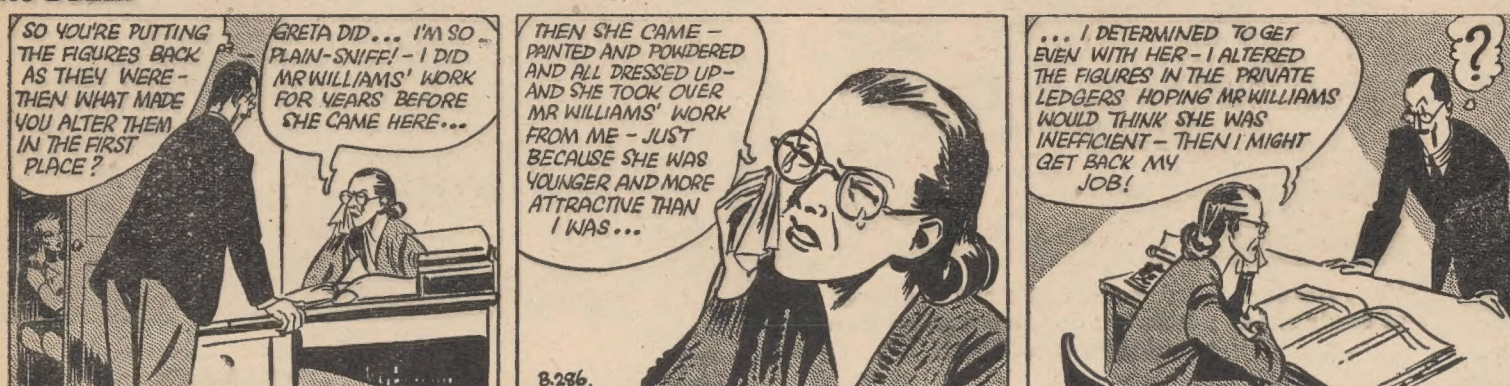
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TRIED TO FLY TO MARS

By LIONEL FRANKS

"THE Martians have landed. New York is in flames. America's Army is beaten. U.S.A. is doomed!"

This "news" blazed out over the American radio in 1938 and panic seized people in towns and villages in New Jersey. Some people hurriedly packed their valuables in a car and made ready to hurry off to Mexico. Others barricaded their doors and prepared to defend their all against the invading force from—Mars.

What they thought was the real thing was in reality a broadcast of "The War of the Worlds," the book of H. G. Wells.

A young aeroplane mechanic named Cheston Lee Eshleman was in New York at the time, and he decided that he should be the first man to fly to Mars!

Next morning he paid for eight hours flying instruction. This course completed, he bought a flying-suit, a pistol, seven rounds of ammunition, half-a-dozen sandwiches, and two bars of milk chocolate, and marched into Ted Walz's "drive yourself" airfield at Camden, New Jersey.

Here, for a small fee, one could hire a plane by the hour, and Cheston, when he took off from the airfield, had his thoughts fixed on Mars, which lay 51,813,800 miles away! But he had only enough petrol to carry him 175 miles.

After some time the engine began to falter, so he landed, filled up with more gas, and resumed his "flight to Mars."

For some hours he cruised around, but found himself in a fog-bank, so he decided to go down lower.

He just missed the mast of a steamer. His plane was losing height—and he could not swim!

In the meantime the owner of the plane had notified the police. Radio networks all over America broadcast the announcement of the missing plane. Police, soldiers, airmen, sailors, marines, and ordinary civilians tried to trace Eshleman.

In a letter he had written to the newspapers he explained that he "proposed to visit Mars." A fishing-boat cruising 175 miles off Boston found him as he flew overhead.

Eshleman's fuel-pipe had broken, and in a few minutes the plane pancaked into the water, a few yards from a boat. Eshleman was tossed clear of the wreckage, but was dragged aboard by the fishermen.

A few hours later, handcuffed, he was brought before a judge and charged with stealing the plane and breaking four civil aviation rules.

"And why did you steal the plane?" asked the judge.

The prisoner answered soberly, "Because I wanted to be the first man to visit Mars."

After a lengthy discussion Cheston Lee Eshleman, the would-be pioneer, was released, but he had to pay for the plane.

THEY BUILT THESE FOLLIES

Says Ronald Garth

"IT'S Massey's Folly!" said the villager. We were looking at the church hall in Farringdon, Hampshire, which must surely be one of the most sumptuous in the country.

Towering above the cottages like an Indian mosque, it was built by an eccentric former rector, who kept carpenters and bricklayers toiling for over thirty years on the job.

Perpetually planning and tearing down, he couldn't make up his mind what he wanted the building to be. He lavished all his day-dreams on its crazy turrets and battlements. In the end the village folk turned it into a hall, part school and part recreation room, because they in turn couldn't think what on earth to do with it.

There's an extraordinary tower at Sway, near Bournemouth, with 366 windows, one for each day in a leap year; and there is Midford Castle, near Bath, built in the form of the ace of clubs by a loony gambler who was lucky at cards.

Sixty years ago, a great Victorian painter decided to build at Bushey, Herts, the finest castle in the world. He spent £100,000 in importing the right kind of stone from Bavaria. Then he called the place Lululand, in tribute to his wife's beauty, but it was the ugliest building for miles.

When he decided he couldn't live in it, the best estate agents in London couldn't find a buyer. For the last twenty years Lululand has stood in ruins, a trysting spot for local lovers.

There are the two lighthouses, marked on Admiralty charts, which have stood for more than a century at the mouth of the Nene and shed never a beam of light.

The builder forgot to instal the lighting apparatus, and lighthousemen actually waited years for the light before the authorities decided to call off the deal.

There is also the case of the optimist who planned the highest lighthouse in England for St. Catherine's Down, Isle of Wight. Not till work was well advanced did anyone discover that clouds and mist would almost constantly obscure the light from the sea.

At Sutton Bridge, Lincs, there's a dock visited by only one ship in sixty years—the vessel which performed the opening ceremony. As it steamed in, the sides of the dock basin collapsed, and the intended port of call was never used again.

Solution to Allied Ports. BEAUMARIS.

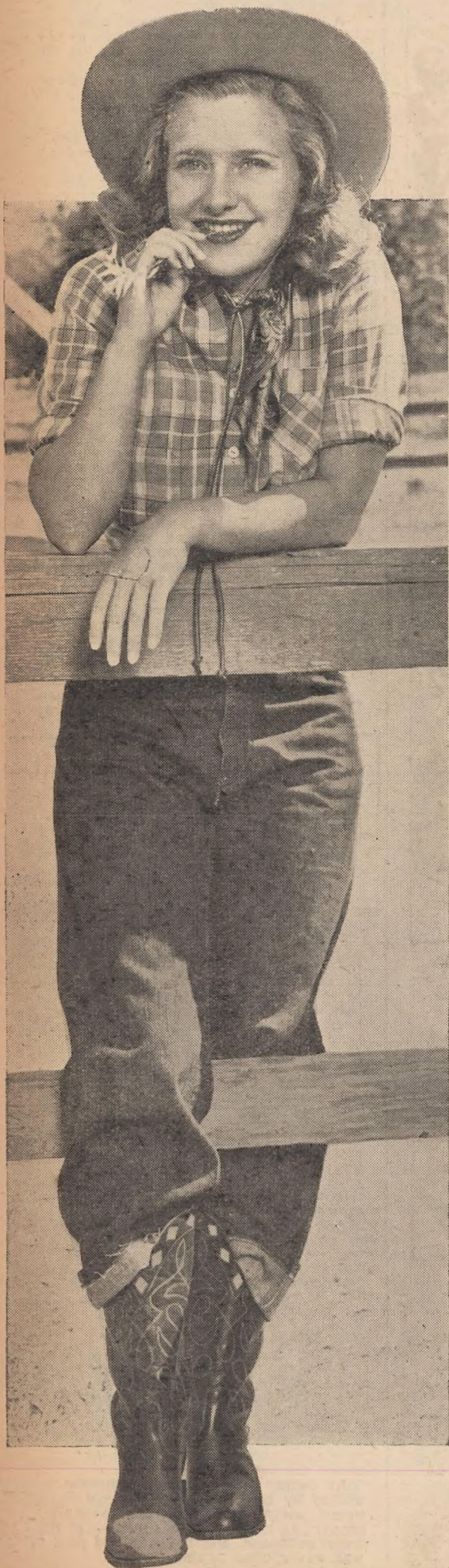
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This England

RIDE HIM COWBOY

Says Priscilla Lane, as she looks over the fence of the corral. And even a cowhand would go to extra risk to please the smiling Warner Bros. star.



The village of Montacult, near Yeovil, Somersetshire.



Very flattering, I'm sure, to be put in charge of their shoes ; but, oh, boy, wouldn't I like to paddle, too ?



WHO GOES THERE ?



"Hmm ! Don't look too bad. Think I'll try it. Bit tasteless, but what can you expect in war-time ? Oh, shucks, you two, get stuck into it, and think yourselves lucky."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You're all nuts, anyway"

